

POOR CONGRESSMEN.

The Difficulty They Find in Living on Their Salaries.

A Washington letter to The Philadelphia Press says: I ran across a congressman the other day who was looking for quarters for himself and family for the coming session. He is a poor man, who is obliged to live on his salary, and who is, therefore, compelled to count the cost of everything, and cut his cloth close. A congressman's salary is \$5,000 a year and mileage, and an allowance of \$100, I believe, for postage. I can not mention the name of the one I allude to, but he has a wife and three children. His mileage amounts to about \$200 or \$300 a year; so his whole income is less than \$5,500 a year. Out of this sum he must pay three or four or a half-dozen country newspapers for printing tickets (a mere nominal service for a good deal of money); he must pay for banners, transparencies, flags, brass bands, hand-bills, and I don't know how many other things, to say nothing of his own expenses in the campaign. Added to all this, ten chances to one he has to pay pretty dearly for his nomination—not, perhaps, in buying delegates, though that is often done, I am told, but in paying car fares, hotel bills, etc. So you see that when a congressman comes to Washington he does not have \$5,000 a year to his credit.

My friend, as I have said, is a poor man, although he is one of the ablest men in the house. He never made a dollar improperly, and does not know how to be dishonest. He stands as high as any member of the house. Said he: "I don't know what to do. I have lived in every way. When I first came to Washington I went to a hotel, with my wife, leaving my children at home and at school. I kept up my house at home, and my expenses there were little less than if I had been there. My hotel expenses including washing and the outrageous extras one always finds on his bills, were never less than \$300 a month. My expenses at home were about half as much; so, you see, I could not stand that. The next winter I went to a boarding-house and left my family at home. Of course I had to have a parlor and bedroom. I paid \$100 a month at the boarding-house. But I did not live; it was simply a miserable existence. A boarding-house table may give good, well-cooked food, but you are obliged to meet and be polite to people you do not care for, whom you detest, in fact. Then I was deprived of my wife's company, which, strange as it may seem, I still appreciate. Well, that year, by close economy and many deprivations, I came out about even. The next year I hired rooms and had my meals sent in from a restaurant. But this life was very unsatisfactory. I had to take my breakfast at a certain hour, whether I wanted it or not, and my dinners were served at the same time every day, and they were nearly always cold when brought. But a member of congress can not always be at his dinner at the exact time. The house may sit late, or there may be a caucus or a committee meeting, or you may be detained by constituents, or a dozen things may happen to detain you. Well, last winter, as you know, I took a furnished house and brought my entire family here. I shut up my house at home, but, great Caesar! my expenses drove me wild, though I tried to live very quietly and cheaply. What I shall do this winter heaven only knows. I suppose I must go back to the boarding-house. A congressman's life is but a dog's life, after all."

And my friend said nothing but the truth. Congress is certainly no place for a poor man. If he has a family he can hardly make both ends meet, even though he does not entertain.

The Great Comet of 1882.

Providence Journal

It is probable that the great comet that made the year 1882 memorable in cometic annals may become visible again towards the end of the month in the morning sky when the moon is out of the way. But the most powerful telescopes will be required to bring the departing stranger to view, and the chief interest connected with its reappearance will be as a test for the power of the telescope. One other comet has been observed under similar conditions.

It was the celebrated comet of 1811, which was seen by a Russian observer in August, 1812. The great Russian telescope at Pulkowa will perhaps immortalize itself by piercing with its great eye the realm of space where the comet is pursuing its erratic and unerring path, dwindled by distance from the superb apparition that spanned the eastern sky to a hazy speck of nebulous cloud.

A Brave Woman's Presence of Mind.

Pinegrove (Pa.) Herald.

On last Sunday evening, William Rump and his wife, of Cherryville, after putting their children to bed, were in the front of the house just as twilight was gathering, amusing themselves in a playful way. The husband ran away from the house several rods, followed by his wife. In running his left arm struck the revolver which was in his coat pocket. An idea flashed through his mind that he would scare his wife in the darkness, and, drawing his revolver from his pocket, he aimed it toward the bush, and, when about to fire, his wife came running up between him and the bush, and he shot her in the abdomen. She exclaimed: "O, William, you shot me!" He turned and said: "If I did shoot you in this foolish way, I will take my own life," and he pointed the revolver to his head; but she caught his hand and begged him not to shoot, saying "I ain't shot." She persuaded him to empty every chamber of the revolver into the woods and then walked back to the house. At the house she met a boy and told him to hurry and get matches. Her husband heard this and quickly came to her side, and she then told him she was shot and he should quickly go for a doctor. On the way he aroused the neighbors, who went to the house and found her in bed suffering pain. Three doctors were summoned as soon as possible, two from town, and Carpenter, of Pottsville. They discovered the ball had entered the abdomen, and think it lodged in the left hip. The wound was a dangerous one, and the woman lingered until Monday evening, when death came and relieved her. The husband is in a terribly-distressed state of mind. It was only recently he stood near his father and saw him buried beneath several tons of coal in the mines, and this double affliction, it is feared, will cause him to lose his reason. Mrs. Rump was 22 years of age and the mother of two children.

Peck's Bad Boy Discounted.

Carson, Nevada, has developed a bad boy, who is counted on as the worst boy of his age in the whole United States. His name is Johnny McGinnis, and he lives on King street. It appears that a few days ago Mrs. McGinnis started to give her seven-year-old daughter a bath. When she disrobed her by the tub she was horrified at discovering that the young lady was covered all over with crocodiles, fish, rare animals, and Egyptian ibexes, painted on in lasting colors. She said that her brother Johnny had painted her to get her a chance to go away with a circus. The neighbors were called in and their low opinion of the boy was unbounded. The elder McGinnis sailed out after the venturesome lad, and found him in Johnson's barn, where he was decorating a young lad whom he had inveigled away from his parents. When the Elder McGinnis had ceased parleying with the younger McGinnis the trunk strap which he brought into the barn had seen its best days. The young lad made the following explanation of the affair:

"Ye see, dad's been pretty hard up since stocks went down, and so I fixed Mary up for a spec. My idea was to tattoo a few boys and girls and have them travel with the tattooed woman as children with birthmarks, eh? Do you catch on? One tattooed woman is a big thing, but a whole family of 'em would be immense. I was calkerlatin' to make some money for the old man, but he's so infernal bullheaded that he don't catch on quick to new enterprises. He wore out a whole trunk-strap on me. I'll bet \$2 that they don't rub them figures off Mary for six months. I used the best blue ink the old man had. I'd like to catch him asleep; blame me if I wouldn't paint a drove 'er government mules runnin' down his back."

A boy who is heir to half a million dollars has run away from his home in Easton, Pa.

Experiments With Sorghum Cane.

A field of sorghum, about sixty-five acres, was grown near Washington City during the summer by the department of agriculture, and on the 11th of September the grinding of the cane was begun at the government mill. Speaking of the crop and of the probable results of this year's experiments in the manufacture of sugar, Professor Wiley, chief chemist of the department of agriculture, says:

We had a fine crop of cane, which promised well until the storm of Sept. 14, when it was laid as flat as if a roller had been passed over it.

The tests made with the canes which were left standing, as compared with those blown down, show that in the former there is about twelve per cent of crystallizable sugar, while in the latter there is only eight per cent. The latter will, therefore, yield a very small quantity of sugar on milling. We are confining ourselves strictly to experimental work, trying the various forms of purification and noting the effect which they have upon the co-efficient of purity of the juice, etc. The apparatus for diffusion has now arrived, and extensive experiments will be made in the extraction of the juice from the cut cane. The cane-cutter slices the cane diagonally. These slices, each about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, are placed in a diffusion battery, consisting of eleven cells, where they are treated with warm water until the sugar is entirely extracted. The mill at the department has been put in excellent condition and is doing good work. The cane-crusher is pressing out about fifty-five per cent of the weight of the cane in juice. There is soon to arrive another mill, sent by the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, of Cincinnati. This consists of two sets of rolls. After the cane is passed through the first set it is cut into five slices by knives and subjected to hot steam. It is then passed into and through the second set of rolls. It is claimed by the inventor of this machine that it will pass out a larger percentage of juice than any other mill known.

"Notwithstanding the poverty of the juice we are now working we have succeeded in making sugar from every strike, and the prospects are that the yield will be better hereafter. We have only ground a few tons so far, and have not passed any through the centrifugals, so we cannot give the exact yield. But inasmuch as the cane polarized only 8 per cent of crystallizable against 4 per cent of uncrystallizable sugar, we can not expect a very large quantity. We have about ten acres of cane left standing, and if we are not caught by frosts we shall doubtless get a good yield from it. The composition of the cane we are now working, as shown by analysis, is far inferior to any ever before examined by the department, and the fact that we have succeeded in making sugar every time is very encouraging. This inferiority is due to the coldness of the season and the prostration of the cane, before it was quite ripe, by the storm of the 14th instant. We shall be able to report later relative to experiments with the diffusion process. Our work is entirely experimental. We are not trying to run it on a manufacturing scale, and different experiments are made with every tank of juice. During the season various methods of purification will be tried, with the view of devising means for increasing the yield of sugar and simplifying the process for its extraction."

Plantation Philosophy.

Arkansas Traveler.

Doan think dat de nigger is a coward. De black snake ain't as putty as de copper-head, but he whips him all de same.

Ebery man what will lie wont steal. De biggest liar I eber seed was a hones' man—dat is he neber stole nuthin' from me.

Ef a man is in faber ob anything fur de good ob de neighborhood da calls him a wise man, but ef he is too much in faber ob it da calls him crazy.

De bow-laig man doan stan' so well in 'society as udder men, but he ain't al'ers de most worthless. Sometimes de bench-laig fice kills de coon arter all de udder dogs hab been fit off.

The reason advanced by Henry M. Taylor of Bel Air, Md., for asking for a divorce is that his wife will not let him read the bible.

An Ensilage Experiment.

An English paper says: A short time ago it occurred to Mr. T. H. Miller, of Singleton park, near Preston, that the "silo" for the preservation of green crops need not be a pit or excavation, and he has conducted to a successful issue on the Home farm, Singleton, an experiment to the greatest interest to agriculturists. To test his theory he made use of an old cart-house, above which was a granary, the flooring of which he had cut away, with the exception of a portion at one end to serve as a platform. The walls of the building were lined with cement to a height of eight feet, and when this was set the filling of the silo began. Between the 25th of June and the end of August there were placed in it, at regular intervals, 15 tons of meadow grass in a wet condition, 15 tons 4 cwt. of rye grass and clover, and 4 tons 15 cwt. of green oats in full head, chopped into three-inch lengths; total, 34 tons 19 cwt., the produce of seven acres. The mass was kept covered with slatted boards and weighted with 200 bags containing 126 pounds of sand each. These were manipulated easily by means of a rope and pulley, worked from the platform. On the 27th ult. there was no heat or brewing, and but the very slightest perceptible warmth. A portion of the ensilage taken from a depth of thirty-seven inches was of a yellowish brown, and moist, but perfectly sweet. A bullock ate some of it greedily, and a handful put in some hay was eaten by a cow before she would touch the hay. The silo is to be formally opened in November in the presence of a number of farmers and friends.

Score One for the Old Man.

The other day when old Major Solomon announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of church, his wife appeared wearing a Mother Hubbard dress. The old man intently regarded her for a few moments and asked:

"Mary, what sort of a coat do you call that?"

"It's a Mother Hubbard, Jeems."

"Air you going to wear it to church?"

"Why, certainly, Jeems. The Mother Hubbard is all the fashion now."

"Well, I'm glad to know it," the old man replied, "Just wait until I get ready and we'll go."

The old man went out into the kitchen, took a couple of meal sacks, cut the bottoms out, sewed the tops together and put them in imitation of pantaloons. When he returned his wife uttered a loud cry of astonishment, and exclaimed: "Great goodness! Jeems, what's that?"

"Father Hubbard," the old man replied.

"You're not a goin' to wear them sacks, are you?"

"I've got to be fashionable to keep up with you. I've got as much right to wear these meal bags as you have 'o go in them bran sacks."

"I'll take it off."

"All right, off goes the Father Hubbard," and turning away, he added to himself: "Only one way to beat a woman, and that is by agreein' with her. If it hadn't been for the Daddy Hubbard I'd a been in a mighty bad fix."

The Consumption of Gold.

North American Review.

The consumption of gold for other than monetary purposes in Europe, America and Australia has more than quadrupled in thirty years, and has quite trebled in twenty years. It is more than five times what it was half a century ago. The great mass of gold which has flowed from the mines has been absorbed in the same opulence and luxury of the times which have swallowed up the flood of gems, great in volume beyond any former precedent, from the diamond-fields of South Africa, and increasing prices will be quite as likely to whet the appetite for both as to check it. Five-sixths of the current production of gold is absorbed in the arts and manufactures in the Western world and in British India. A part of the remaining sixth is lost in the wear of coins and by fires, shipwrecks and forgotten hoards. What is left to increase the stock of gold money in proportion to the increase of population, exchanges and wealth of the world?

Pencilling the brows is on the increase among New York ladies.